NEW YORK DOCTORS USE IT WITH GOOD RESULTS. Dr. Mason's Account of a Radical Cure o Dipsomania by Hypnotic Suggestions—A Surgical Case by Dr. Shrady—Some of the Advantages of Hypnosis.

Against popular prejudice and the determined sition of many medical men, the science of hypnotism has been gradually winning its way to a place in medical practice. As yet it is practised with great caution by those who believe in its efficacy in certain cases, because of the feeling against it, a feeling engendered by its long sciation with quacks, charlatans, and travelling mesmerists, who have turned it to imer if not absolutely harmful usage to make mey. But to-day it is recognized by physiclans of the highest rank as a factor in the cure of many ailments and in the alleviation and even annihilation of suffering in both the medical and surgical branches of healing.

In this country the study of hypnotism has not been carried so far as in France, where there are several institutions devoted entirely to the study of the subject. It is not recognized as a special branch of study by any of the medical colleges of this country, and its legitimate practice is mostly confined to physicians whose high standing warrants their employment of an agency which, if made use of by a less experienced man, might bring him under suspicion. such physicians of this city as Dr. Graeme M. Hammond, Dr. George F. Shrady, Dr. M. A. Starr, and Dr. R. Osgood Mason have made use of hypnotism in many cases with remarkable success. Dr. Mason, who has made a special study of the subject and has written upon it, is a strong believer in the efficacy of this agency in many cases where other means

One of the most interesting cases of cure is his rescue of a young man from the alcoholic habit. The young man, who for convenience may be X, was of good family, well to do, about twenty-five years old, and of strong vitality and personality. His manner of life, while not absolutely vicious, had been loose, and he had contracted the drinking habit to such an extent that when he attempted to throw it off he found imself incapable of so doing. Every attempt had been made to cure him in vain. The medical history is thus set down by Dr. Mason: By constant drinking X had so undermined

his health that he had violent attacks of vomiting blood, which in several instances proved all fatal. One evening, when he had been drinking, he came into my office, not intox-icated, but much exhausted. I told him to lie down on the lounge, suggesting that he might get a little sleep. Up to that time I had never mentioned hypnotism to him, but as he lay down I began making passes along his face and chest and over his body. He smiled, as if understanding what I was attempting, and presently seemed to be falling asleep. In ten min-utes he was fast asleep. I raised his hand. It remained where I placed it. Evidently he was in the hypnotic sleep. Here was a young man fast going to ruin, who desired to be free from his wretched condition, but had not the strength to free himself. Why should I not help him by suggestion? I considered myself justified in trying. I spoke to him in an ordinary tone:
"'Now you see what a wretched condition you

are in, and what unnappiness you have brought upon yourself and your family by your unfortunate habits. You wish to be cured. You shall be cured. When you awake you will no longer have any desire for alcoholic drink in any form You will dislike it and shun it in every form as your enemy. Even the smell of it will be disagreeable to you, and will make you sick.'

the patient, a middle-aged man, upon the operating table, he said to him:
"Now you must lis there for a time until your nerves are calm. We are not ready to begin yet. Calm yourself as much as you can while I am preparing and lie perfectly still. That's right. Just so. When we are ready we will let you know." know."
While talking thus, and so concentrating the

while taking thus, and so concentrating the attention of the patient. Dr. Shrady made a deep incision in the thigh without the knowi-edge of the man, and talking to him all the time, kept him in a condition of hypnotism or semi-hypnotism which deprived him of sensa-tion, although he was perfectly conscious, and once asked:

ce asked:
"When are you going to begin, Doctor?"
Pretty soon, pretty soon," replied the operr. "Just keep perfectly quiet there."
t length, when the surgeon was busying himf with some bandages, the patient half turned
d asid:

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"When are you going to begin, Doctor?"

"Pretty soon, pretty soon," replied the operator. "Just keep perfectly quiet there."

At length, when the surgeon was busying himself with some bandages, the patient half turned and said:

By that time the operatin was practically concluded, and the subject had suffered not the slightest pain. This patient was however, an unusually easy subject. In other surgical cases the patient has known what was being done, but has felt no pain. Some persons are easy to infinence in this way; others very difficult. Some seem incapable of being made subject to the infinence, but others can hypnotize themselves. One man will succumb to one method and remain uninfluenced by some other which would quickly send another man into the hypnotic sleep. Passes and counter passes affect some; gazing intently at a bright object influences others; physical contact, particularly that of the thumbs, with the hypnotizer is efficacious in many cases, and casy subjects go into the hypnotic slate merely upon being forced to be the state of the proposition of the hypnotic slate merely upon being forced to be the state of the proposition of the hypnotics is a state of the proposition of the hypnotics is a state of the patient was an old pegress. A specially, cless this case of hypnotism; cless had suffered from nervous-ness and insomnia. I was called in to see her and found her very much unstrung. It occurred to me that I would attempt hypnosis. At the time I wore a rather low-out vest, and a large pearl shirt stud. Pointing to the stud, I said:

"Now auntie, I want you to look at this stud staadily, just as long as you can," "She fixed her eyes on it, and after a few minutes I said to her in soothing tones:

"Now you are going to sleep. You are very sleepy. You cannot keep rour eyes open. They are closing. So, you are asleep as quickly and the root in children, abnormal fear. Of thunder and lightning. St. Vitue's dance, and in quickening the inte

ticularly in surgical cases, where by its use he put the patients into a condition of anasthesia. A clique of medical men made bitter attacks unon it at that time, and when ansethetics were discovered the editor of the Lancet made a great rejoicing, because he assumed, they would supplant animal magnetism. They did, and it is only lately that hypnotism has returned to its place in medical solence among physicians of the English-speaking nations, Many doctors believe that in time hypnotism will be recognized as a special and separate branch of medicine, and that it will be made a special study in the medical schools. It is constantly growing in use in this country, and although it has many enemies in the old school, it is gaining converts every day. Dr. R. Osgood Mason is one who believes in its future.

"Many people have wrong ideas about hypnotism," he said recently in discussing the subject. "They look upon it with a sort of superstitions awe, and believe that there is something wrong and degrading about it. The travelling mesmerists who go about the country giving exhibitions are partly responsible for this belief. Such a book as 'Trilby,' for instance—although the hypnotism part of the plot is theoretically possible and is finely carried out—tends to show only one side of hypnotism, is a great power for good, and is almost always used for good. Of course it may be wrongfully used, Ether, opium, alcohol, great blessings when rightly used, may, in ignorant or criminal hands, do great harm. So may's hypnotism, is a press power for good, and is almost always used for good. Of course it may be wrongfully used, Ether, opium, alcohol, great blessings when rightly used, may, in ignorant or riminal hands, do great harm. So may's hypnotism is a press power for good and is almost always used for good. Of course it may be wrongfully used, Ether, opium, alcohol, great blessings when rightly used, may in ignorant or inches and that, rightly used, there is nothing supernatural or in any way unnatural or wicked about it. I

THE MEMORY.

A Professor who Argues Against Dr. Max Mulier Regarding this Faculty.

A distinguished professor in a New York institution of learning favored a Sun reporter with some interesting ideas upon the power of the memory, bearing especially upon the opinion recently given by Dr. Max Muller "that the memory of man has become something totally different from what it was in ancient times, when reading and writing were unknown."
"I do not agree with Muller," said the New York professor, "in the belief that the memo rizing capacity of man has degenerated in the ast three or four thousand years. It is true that the Iliad of Homer was kept in existence for ages by oral tradition, and was memorized by many Greeks. It is true that the Kalevala, the

great national epic of Finland, which is as long a work as the Iliad, was kept in existence by the same means, and was memorized by many Finns. It is true that the Veda was preserved in like manner for centuries by the Hindoos The facts given by the Oxford scholar are as interesting as his inferences are erroneous. believe that there are plenty of living Americans who are capable of performing as remark ble feats of memory as any that were ever per formed by Greek, or Finn, or Hindoo. Not long ago I made two or three experiments which seem to me to support this opinion. It is easy to say that they are not precisely analogous to the memorizing of the Iliad or the Kalevala; but it will certainly be admitted that the test of mem ory in my cases was about as severe as it could have been in the other cases.

"A young man, who was once a pupil of mine and who is very well versed in American history and of lively imagination, was my first subject. Having occasion to pass a week in his company at a country place, I told him that I would like him to spend a few hours of every day of the week in reciting within my hearing an account of American history from memory, to an extent about as great as that of four books of the Illad for each of the six days. My young friend asked me to give him an hour to think of

greeable to you, and will make you sick."

"I repeated the suggestion, and then awoke him. He awoke cheerful and refreshed, and without any knowledge that anything had been said to him during his sleep. Three months later I had a letter from him saying that he was in excellent health, and had not drank a drop of any intoxicating liquor since the evening he was in my office. A year later he came into my office, looking hale and hearty. I asked him what he did after leaving my office that evening. He replied that he went home and took a nap; that about 11 o'clock he awoke, and, as usual, thinking that he would go and have a drink, went to the saloon where he was accustomed to drink. On entering he thought it smelt very queer and disagreeable; in fact, it made him sick. He wont out without taking his drink, went to me and went to bed, and had not taken any liquor from that time to the present. The suggestion made to him while he was in the hypnotic state, of which he retained no resoluteotion, still controlled his actions, and seemed to have eradicated his dipsomania."

Another the first day we were out in the woods, seated upon logs that fromteleach other, and with our backs resting against them; the began his task. At first he eat on his log, but within shalf hour he stood erect as he spoke and gave evidence of the latter part of the fifetenth century, recounted sundry takes of the work and with current with a half hour he stood erect as he spoke and gave evidence of the latter part of the fifetenth century, recounted sundry takes of the within shalf hour he stood erect as he spoke and gave evidence of the latter part of the fifetenth century, recounted sundry takes of in-depth development of the unknown, seetined scenes of indepth development of the unknown, seetined scenes of indepth development of the six days. At first he ast on his log, but within slight.

"At noon of the first day we were out in the woods, seated upon logs that fromted each other, and with our backs resting against them. According the veri fect fairness be said that this young man had, in the course of his studies in previous rears, memorized the whole of the story which he narrated in my hearing that day. How else could he have known it? I recognized, as he went along, passages a-plenty that were of the nature of transcripts from the books of the historians which he had studied. I had to amile frequently as I recognized his reproductions of the opinions or even the words of many a historical writer with whom I was more familiar than he was. His memory had served him as well as that of the ancient reciters of the iliad had served them. And it did not seem to me that the memory of the latter needed to be any greater than his proved to be when put on trial. Why could he not have learned to recite the Iliad literally by the exercise of the same mental power that enabled him to render the narrative which I had heard? I must think that my old master, Max Muller, would revise at least one of his opinions if I were able to tell him of the experiments that I have made with young men in the use of the memory.

"Our second day in the woods," continued the New York professor, "covered about as much as four more books of the iength of Homer's. Now Columbus breasted the waves, descried the sought-for land, met the natives thereof, raised the cross, and got glimpees of things that amazed his soul. My young friend's hortion of the epic for that day was even better than that of the previous day, and lencuraged him by clapping my hands at some of his passages as I sat unon the log.

"We proceeded with the appointed task upon each of the ensuing four days. He told of the early French and English navigators who sailed the seas that lave our shores: he ranged over the primitive settlements in Massachusetts, Virginia, and elsewhere; ran through our colonial history, stopping here or there to give his fancy a chance to play, and brought up more characters than Homer ever knew. It flust have been largely through my young friend a mering his narrative with incidents not

voung friend gave me our country's record from the Revolution to the war of 1812, from that time till the great rebellion, and along down to recent years. I am sure that when the day's duty of two hours in length was ended he had given me in the course of the week as long a story as that which Hemer gave in the twenty-four books of his Iliad; and though it had not Homer's pomp, it had the characteristics of a genuine narrative. I affirm that the material of it and much of the diction of it had been stored up in his memory and was drawn from his memory. Dr. Max Muller is wrong in saying that the ability to memorize does not exist in our day to the extent that it existed in ancient times.

"There are men yet living in Finland, who, like the men of old, can recite the Kalevala poems, and men in Hindostan who know the Veda by heart, and I guess there are Americans who have memorized the Iliad. I myself can recite the whole of Milton's Paradise Lost, though I have not an extraordinary memory. I firmly believe that the human memory is as good in the nineteenth century as it was thousands of years ago.

"I have referred to but one of the many experiments I have made in regard to the power of the memory in our generation. All that is needed for its development is the training of it in the young. I wholly dishelieve in Dr. Muller's along har statement that the memory has become something totally different from what it was in hose of our ancestors who first propled the world, and I firmly believe that it is far better in us than it was in them, as are all our mental faculties."

UNDERGROUND NEW YORK.

THE TAULTS UNDER THE STREETS

AND THEIR MANY USES.

Much Space Added to Buildings by ThemIndustrien Best Carried on in VauitsValuable Goods Stored Under the Sidewalks—The Vanits of the Cable Bonds—
Revenue or the City from This Source,
The repeated references to the sidewalk vauits
under Broadway in connection with the proposed rapid transit railroad scheme have made
many people wonder just what these vauits
were like and for what they were used. When
it was pretty well settled that no railroad with
four tracks on a level could be built in Broadway without invading the vauits, the engineers
and others connected with rapid transit schemes
were also set wondering about them. A careful
canvass of the street developed the fact that
about 90 per cent. of the whole street front on
each side of the way had vauitaextending to the
curb line, that some of the vauits were several
stories deep, and that others ran away out under
the roadway as well as under the sidewalk. But

filled frames, and underneath some of them -

under the steady tramp of thousands of busy

passers by-are many men at work day in and day out, some of the men carrying on curious

industries which can only be conducted success-

fully under conditions to be secured in under-

ground workshops. Do not imagine for a moment

that these subterranean rooms are of neces-

sity anything like the damp and dark cellars of old, and that the men employed in

them have to learn to attend to their duties, mole-like-more by touch taste, smell,

or hearing than by sight. On the contrary,

some of them are among the lightest and pleas-

antest workrooms in the city. Such a one is

that which lies around the southeast corner o

Fulton street and Broadway, on the two fronts

of the Evening Post building. This is the largest vault in lower Broadway. It is two stories deep,

and extends six feet under the roadway on each

street. Here you will find nearly the whole of

the twenty-foot sidewalk made up of vault



Broadway is not alone in this respect. Every street in this city which contains business property or hotels has great spaces dug out of t and added to the available room of the buildings. This is in addition to the ordinary coal holes and chutes with which every house is supplied. These are not counted as vaults, and may be constructed without a special permit. As you walk along any business street, cast eyes downward. Running perhaps onethird or half the way out to the curb line, from the house line, you will see in front of the greater number of modern business buildings a pavement, not of stone or concrete, but of honey-combed iron, and in each of the iron frame's perforations a glass bull's-eye. Vault lights is the regular trade name for these glass-

to see more than one at a time, or to suppose that we have more."

Up on Broadway, not far from Grand street, a new industry in this country has just been started in a sidewalk vault. It is the manufacture of hand-made metal photograph frames which have been the fashion for some time—those which reproduce in their forms and ornamentation roses, iffies, tullps, and many other flowers of the field and garden. The workers are Bohemians. At a long row of tables under the vault lights they stand at their work, with pincers, shears, dies, hammers, and soldering tools, and each with a furnace before him, and they bend and form the different parts and solder them together, ready for the finishers. The workers were all imported recently.

Another industry which naturally seeks such quarters is goldbeating. Much of this is done in little shops in the near-by country towns now-adays, notably at Red Hank, N. J., but there are still shops here. Goldbeating requires that a certain degree of moisture be maintained in the beating room, to keep the goldbeater's skin—the tissue in which the foil is beaten—in proper condition for the gold to work out into leaf between the folios. Saops in the country are built partly underground to provide this moisture, and then this is regulated by means of fires. In the city no better place is found for the work than the cool, moist rooms, with plenty of light, which ile under the passer's feet.

Bakers are another class who find sidewalk vaults useful. There are dozens and dozens of bakers' ovens built under the sidewalks and their presence can easily be detected upon rainy or snowy days, when the rain dries or the snow melts over them as fast as it falls.

But the great use for sidewalk vaults is for steam boilers. There is hardly a big building in this city, whether it be a hotel, an office building, a store, or an apartment house, which does not contain somewhere in its interior a steam boiler. One can readily see that there is no place in a building so convenient for a boiler as

ing, a store, or an apartment house, which does not contain somewhere in its interior a steam boiler. One can readily see that there is no place in a building so convenient for a boiler as a sidewalk vault. It is easy to get it into place there, easy to get at it for repairs, and last of all, it is much safer for the building and its inmates, if the boiler is to blow up, to have it explode under the sidewalk. As you stroll along the street, on business or pleasure, or if you stop to look into a shop window, you are probably spending a large portion of the time directly over the top of a steam boiler, which, if it took a notion, could shoot you in fragments clear into the next block.

There is no map of the vaults under the streets and sidewalks of New York, and no one knows or can tell how many of them there are or how oig they are. The only record of them is in the books of the clerk who grants permits to build them, and it is only of late that even this record was complete in details as to the dimensions of the grant, and whether it ran beyond the curb line or not. There are too many vanits for which no permits were ever issued in proper form, and for which the city never received a dollar. Many there are, also, for which the city was not entitled to pay. These are the vaults constructed in some of the older parts of the town where the deeds for property carried the owners' titles clear to the middle of the street. In such cases the right of the public was merely a right of free transit. In other cases where vaults were built without there being a proper record of them, the owners got merely a preliminary permit from the Board of Public Works, one intended simply to prevent the interference of the police, with the understanding that they were to take out a regular permit and pay for it afterward. One the vault was built, the owner was apt to be lax about the interference of the police, with the understanding that they were to take out a regular permit and pay for it afterward. One the vault was built, the own

and extends six feet under the roadway on each street. Here you will find nearly the whole of the twenty-foot sidewalk made up of vault lights, and under these, if you were to explore the depths, you would find more than 100 men at work every day setting type. Under the sidewalk is a great job printing office, and although multitudes of people are constantly moving overhead, the amount of light which finds its way straight down upon the cases is ample not only to supply the type-setters, but also to flood the whole central part of the first underground floor of the building, where all the prostes are situated. Outside the rows of type cases, in the six-foot space under the rumbling wheels of cabs and trucks, is a stock room for paper and such things, while on the floor benesth are great atorage vaults. When the rapid transit railroad runs through there, it will leave nothing of all this, at least on the Broadway side.

The great space which such vaults add to the valuable underground floors of buildings can hardly be conceived unless one has been down in the vaults. An idea can best be formed of it at such places as the gore of land between Duane and Reade streets, where they join at 'city Hall place, or at the curious narrow building at the northeast corner of Reade street and Broadway. The building at the end of the gore is only six feet wide, and even 85 feet back from the apex it is only 35 feet wide. No one would think of trying to ruff a popular price restaurant, in which a crowd must be accommodated, in the building above ground, but underneath a spacious restaurant has been in existence for years. Lines of columns mark where the house walls rest above, and a visitor easily aces that there is much greater space for tables in the part under the sidewalks than there is under the building at the northeast corner of Reade street and Broadway is only about ten feet wide above the sidewalk and some of the building a preater space for tables in the part under the sidewalk and some for the building a preath of t the interference of the police, with the understanding that they were to take out a regular permit and pay for it afterward. Once the vault was built, the owner was apt to be lax about the afterpart.

In the recent widening of College Place it was found that nearly every building had a sidewalk vault. The records were searched, and in many cases there was no evidence that any permit had ever been issued. In all such cases the owners had to take out new permits at the present price to build new vaults. In the other cases a new permit was issued for the same space, without charge. It costs 75 cents a square foot for vault space in any part of this city. Under an old ordinance of the Board of Aldermen the Commissioner of Public Works was authorized to issue the permits and to charge anywhere from 30 cents to \$2 a square foot for the space. Under that rule the price used to be 30 cents for dwelling house vaults, 50 cents for those attached to dwellings which had stores on the first floor, and 75 cents for business houses alone. Since 1870 the price has been uniform.

An interesting question at law will be raised when the city invades the vaults on Broadway for rapid transit purposes. As may well be imagined, this vanit space is of great value to the owners and tennuts of the buildings. They will want to be paid for it at the full rate of its rental value to them. The city, on the other hand, it is said, will contend that since these vaults are upon its property, the permits are revocable at its pleasure, and that it is liable in damages only for the casts of the actual walls of the wault, if it is liable even for these, some of the most interesting of the places occupied under the streets are the great vaults which the cable roads have built in front of their power houses and at the ends of sections of the road, where great wheels are sunk, upon which the cable for the Broadway cars, out of the power house on one side, into the conduit and down Broadway, and on the other side icad it in again after its return from Waldorf, and many other hotels have great sidewalk vaults, and some of these are two or three stories deep.

Not all of these vaults are lighted. Some of the spaces which they enclose are more valuable when dark. This is true at the hotels. One of the most valuable items of the stock of a fashionable hotel is its supply of wines. Thousands and thousands of dollars are frequently invested in rare vintages, and these must be stored so as to be safe and near at hand. The safest place about a building is the sidewalk vault. The whole building above may be wretked by fire, hurricans, or earthquake, but a well-constructed vault should remain unharmed and save its contents. Hotels and restaurants have their stores of wines is such vaults, and nearly every fancy grocery store uses a space under the sidewalk for expensive goods. Some dry goods stores also have similar storage facilities for silks, laces, and other goods of which many thousands of dollars' worth could be packed in a Saratoga trunk. Of course, for such purposes the vaults are built with great care to secure dynness. Upon deep flours of cement the walls are laid up, all with cement. Each course of bricks is filled in and levelled with cement before the next codrase is laid. Upon the outside the walls are covered with thick coats of roofing tar. Over all is laid

BROWN'S BIG OCEAN NET. PERHAPS IT WILL SUCCEED AND PERHAPS IT WILL NOT.

It Does the Great South Bay Fisherman Will Give His Sestaess Rivale a Hard Push, but the Sharks May Eat It Up, or It May Float Par, Far Away Out to Ses. Henry L. Brown of Bay Shore, more hazardous than his fellows among the Great South Bay Sahermen and tired of the small catches in those waters with the conventional stake pound net, has contrived a gigantic fish trap, supported by buoys, which he proposes to set in the ocean two or three miles off Fire Island. At one haul he expects to load a good sized steamer with the different kinds of fish caught in that vicinity, and, anticipating that the New York market will be easily drugged, he is making arrangements to supply Boston and Philadelphia. Mr. Brown has been engaged in fishing in Great South Bay seven years. Before that he was a fish dealer in Fulton Market. When

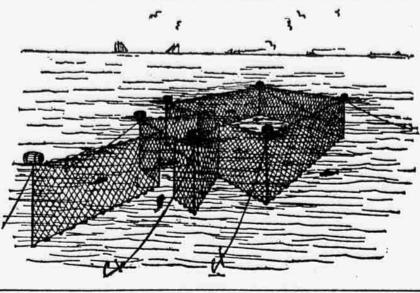
tight barrels and anchored by 400-pound ship's claw anchors.

The trap will stand twenty-five feet in height, and it is intended to place it at such a depth that its top will come near the surface of the water. At present it lies spread out in several vacant lots near Mr. Brown's house at Bay Shore, where workmen have been coating it with tar. Mr. Brown owns a fifty-foot steamer, which he uses in the oyster and clam business, but as soon as the big net is dropped in place off Oak Island, two milies west of Fire Island Inlet, and almost under the light itself, the boat, with a crew of ten men aboard, will remain in close attendance to empty the pound as fast as it is filled with bluefish, weaklish, shad, Spanish mackerel, or any others of the finny tribe that may make their way in.

One of the greatest evits Mr. Brown will have to contend with will be sharks. They no sooner see a few fish in a net than they cat their way through and devour some of the fish in the inside, while the others escape through the noise made by the sharks. On the boat will be two men experienced in repairing nets, one when a shark is found inside the haul will be promptly made, the shark killed, and the net repaired. The great difficulty will, of course, be the heavy seas which sweep in from the Atlantic during a gale. Then the steamer will have to fly for cover, and whether the net is not washed high and dry on the beach or torn to pieces remains to be seen. Mr. Brown save no, the old fishermen say yes.

tight barrels and anchored by 400-pound ship's

the beach or torn to pieces remains to be see Mr. brown save no, the old fishermen say yes.



here he, with others, was bothered because of the frequent scarcity of fish caught in water near New York, and planned his fish trap. The old fishermen there scoffed at his idea and aughed at his plan of a fish net-that would float in the ocean and catch fish without the aid of stakes. He, too, after witnessing a gale off Fire Island, became almost convinced that nothing would live in the whirlpool of water that is stirred up off the bar there, whether it was near he surface or at the bottom. He worked at his plans, however, and feeling sure that money would come to the man who was daring, he had would come to the man who was daring, he had his not made, and hopes to have it in working order by the end of April. The old fishermen still laugh at him, for it has been a question for the last hundred years as to whether or not fish could be caught with a stationary net off Fire Island. They say he will never be able to hold the trap on account of the heavy sea.

Mr. Brown's plan is to hold his trap, which is not unlike the ordinary fish pound, in place by anchors and buoys. It is made of 18-thread twine, and is roped by 21 by 24 thread rope, unusually heavy material. The pound proper is fifty feet square. The wings are 240 feet in length, and the leader stands out 600 feet to direct the passage of the fish into the trap. As shown in the diagram, it will be buoyed by air-

THE MAN FROM BROOKLYN.

Resident of Long Island, I.-THE CASE OF REBELLIOUS CARLEY. The contempt proceedings instituted by Judge David McAdam of the Superior Court against Juryman Michael E. Carley are a novel applicaion of the summary powers of courts of justice to the investigation of a very important class of cases. It apears that Carley, being on a jury in a recent suit, encountered eleven erroneous and obstinute men, and finally forced the costly and troublesome result of a disagreement by conment of the eleven that the matter came to the attention of the presiding Judge, who took it up promptly as being a contempt. An offender in that direction could not pick out on all the three benches a worse man to practise that sort of thing on than Judge David McAdam, and he has gone at the matter with characteristic vigor and vim, and has made it extremely interesting to the lawyers in general and to Juror Carley in

Now I do not propose to put my foot into so incient and familiar a bear trap as to prejudge or even discuss Carley's case on its merits. I shall firmly assume, for the purposes of this article, that Carley either was or was not all that a juror should be, and that he either dedoes not des ninuted, or, in a word, macadamized. But the charges against him, granting them true, pre-sent certain mitigating circumstances that it can harm no one and be disrespect to nobody to suggest.

jurors seem to have been two utterances, gratuitously made immediately upon the jury's retiring. One was that his mind was made up for the defendant, and would be if he stayed there a week; and the other was—and this seemed to rankle specially in the jurors' souls-that he didn't want to argue or be argued with. When the others came to an agreement and tried to reason with him, first he recalcitrantly read a newspaper, and then contumeliously tried to go aslesp in his chair-unsuccessfully, I am happy to say. Waves of eleven-fold rhetoric, persuasion, eloquence, entreaty, vituperation for many mortal hours swashed over him

Whereupon the above mentioned disagreement, and a mistrial as aforesaid, and proceedings as

would go about his evil work very much as Carley did, and sharp inquiry is warranted by the extreme danger that lies in that quarter;

carley did, and snarp inquiry is warranced by
the extreme danger that lies in that quarter;
for the jury is the heart, as the Judge is the
head of our system of justice. But there is a
curious question involved here—practical, too,
as well as curious. What a juror swears to do
is that he will a true verdict render according to
the evidence; no more. If his decision is based
upon favor, or reward, or prejudice, or anything but the evidence, he plainly violates his
oath. But is it impliedly prescribed how he
shall form his conclusion? Is it any part
of his duty to discuss with the others, to exchange reasons, to open his mind to their influence? Does he act as a unit, or as one-twelfth
of a body of twelve? Meta are full of queer ways
and individualities, that set like cooling iron as
the fire of life goes down. Suppose a man's way
is to make up his mind for himself and talk with
others only hinders him. There are thousands of
just such men, and after accrtain age they couid
not change the habit of their brains for all the
courts in Christendom. Such a man has to
reach a verdict as a woman strikes a match—
within well-recognized limitations. Is he doing
wrong to refuse to let others assist at his mental
processes?

So, too, of argument. One would think that
when a case was given to a jury, about the last
thing under the canopy of heaven that they
wanted was any more argument. Consider
briefly their condition. Counsel lave dramatized before them for hours—perhaps days. The
appendid and immovable reheric rotained for
the defence has been demolished by the splendid and irresistible eloquence hired by the complainant, and theirrefragable postulates of both
have disintegrated amid the distinguishing
charges of the distinguished Judge, as towering
icebergs melt into aponginess in the summer
aea. Now, after being pulied and hauled about
by experts, is it not a pretty severe proposition that one must proceed to be yanked and
tweaked by anywhere from one to eleven amateurs? When a plano has been played on b

ameanor.

IL-CEAD HILLE PAILTHE.

IL—CEAD MILLE PAILTHE.

I see by the newspapers that there is a great upswing, as the Germans would say, in the study of Irish this year; that in fact there is twice as much Irish in Ireland in 1800 as there was the year before. This is distinctly a good thing. The Irish language has been in some real danger of perishing. It was showing one marked sign of extinction in becoming sporadic; not spoken more or less over the whole country, but breaking up into isolated districts, like the separated pools in a river channel at seasons of

Another trouble which Mr. Brown expects to experience is net cutting by jealous rivals in the business, who, if they see him doing well, may some night cut his anchor ropes, when his net will sail off to sea with an outgoing tide.

There is much jealousy in the business, and even the summer excursionists who come down for the day and fish with lines are hated thoroughly by those who have to make a living at the business. Some of the old fishermen believe in the scheme, and Nat Church, the well-known fisherman of Burling slip, says Mr. Brown's steamer will never be able to free the net and carry away the fish fast enough. He calculates that the pound is easily good for a ten-ton haul, and that it will fill up again almost at once.

Capt. Edward Ketchum of Bay Shore says the

Capt Edward Ketchum of Bay Shore says the sharks will simply eat the net up. He pulled in fifty-two sharks in one haul in his drag net one day last summer, and is somewhat afraid of sharks. Mr. Brown's outfit has cost him about \$2,000 so far. He admits that the experiment

\$2,000 so far. He admits that the experiment may be a costly one.

This is the first attempt at ocean net fishing in that locality, with the exception of some fishermen who attempted to set a pole net. Thinking that iron stakes would be better than the wooden ones, they drove them deep in the sand. The stakes sunk deeper and deeper until their use had to be abandoned. One of those fishermen told Mr. Brown he fancied the poles had easily gotten to China by this time, they started in so well.

More Running Commentary by a Former

His main misdeeds in the eyes of his fellow

All vainly as the seas Swirl through the irremeable symplegades.

hereinbefore set forth.

Now it is plain that a bribed or packed juror for the jury is the heart, as the Judge is the

low water. Between these districts were considerable tracts of territory where the people spoke no Irish at all. But it has never died out over any large area, even in the hotbeds of Orangedom; some of the best Irish is spoken by "far-downers" from the northern part of the county Bonegal. It seems a language worth preserving, both for its Ceitic affiliations, which are of much interest to comparative philology, and on its own merits as well. As a spoken tongue, when it is not spoiled by being spoken with a Saxon brogue, it is mellifuous to a degree, with odd minor infections and quaint chanting monotones very pleasant to the ear, and it is not surprising that it has lent itself, beyond any other tongue save, perhaps, the Provençal, to song and story. It certainly has one value that no fellow but an Irishman can find out: it has enabled a given number of pespie in a generation to take an interest in Irish legendary history and tales of derring-do. These must suffer fearfully by translation into the Sassenach speech, for as translated they seem of all things most miserable; but of that another day. Anyhow, the Irish peasantry love their language with a pathetic affection equally strong and shy, I never could make out this shyness. An Irishman will rarely tell you that he speaks Irish, if you ask him plumply, he will most likely say he "can understand a bit of it now and again." or words to that effect. But when I was a little tacker, Peggy Finn, then my Irish nurse, now an Irish angel, taught me a few cordial Irish sentences of greeting, and when, instead of asking questions like a bloody Saxon, I tackled my Irish friends with one of these old kindly formulas, the magic never failed. And it made no difference when I owned up that that little shibboleth was all the Irish I knew. From which I have concluded that the root of the shyness is a vague fear that you look down on the language somehow, and on those that speak it; and the pathes of this instinct every one knows

which I have concluded that the root of the shyness is a vague fear that you look down on the
language somehow, and on those that speak it;
and the pathes of this instinct every one knows
that knows anything of the relentless oppression of Ireland.

Surely a mother tongue that warms the hearts
and lights up the eyes of her children all the
world over, is for that alone worthy to live. A
hundred thousand welcomes, and more power
to the philological elbows of the 1,051 beld explorers who are studying Irish in Ireland this
year! May their tongues never twist the wrong
way, and their accent be of a Brian-Boruvian
richness forever!

III.—PAX YORISCIM. III.-PAX VOBISCUM.

year. May their tongues never twist the wrong way, and their accent be of a Brian-Boruvian richness forever!

III.—PAX VOBISCIM.

Senator O'Connor had the public solidly behind him for once in his life, if he never does again, when at the first hearing in the criminal courts affair he broke up the session with the remark that it did seem to him this thing ought to have been settled among the Judges themselves. Doubtless there was and is room for improvement in matters over there. Only yesterday a most intelligent juryman of the March panel was telling me how truly Recorder Goff characterized the shiftless, shirking, irresponsible ways of the court attendants. Control of these things should be vested definitely and exercised atricity, and so far Recorder Goff may be right; but his way of the court attendants. Control of these things should be vested definitely and exercised atricity, and so far Recorder Goff may be right; but his way of the court and peculiar, if Judge Cowing's reported description of it was exact. Yet I think the three oider Judges were not entirely wise in their dealings with the Recorder. If they were right, they could for that very reason afford to be patient even under much provocation. Their personal feelings did not have the floor. They were public officers, on public business of much importance. He was a young Judge, and Judicial youth, like other youth, is overradical. They knew that he was not by nature a caim, collected man of the deliberate judicial temperament, but a hot-headed Wexford Irishman, by instinct partisan, impetious, masterful. Such men react presently if they had stayed by him five minutes, he would have seen a dozen new lights. He sides, they have to live with him and pull in harness with him for years to come. That is what tells. Does any one suppose the Judges of the other courts are all dead in love with each other? Pas heaucoup! To be huffy with such a man as Recorder Goff partook more of the fulle stateliness of the girafte than the practical wisdom to the serpent.

of things? Alas! we may not know who have never held office!

1V.—CONCERNING ALF.

As I write these lines I have just parted with the long-lost, of rather the never-found, "Alf." of whom I wrote last Sunday. My parsgraph promptly brought a line from a live citizen, saying that if The Man from Brooklyn would call at a certain place down town, a little off the common track, he would probably find the Resembler of Tennyson. I called and did find him, and we had a jolly chat. I have not his leave to tell his name, but he is at his work every day in the office of a large corporation. He accounts for his disappearance from my ken quite simply his company took offices in Broadway in 1870, and after some years there went to this other part of the city, I was right, too, in my guass that he knew of his likeness to Tennyson; he had been told of it by many who had seen the post. But what is the most singular circumstance is, he has aged like him; he looks now sirkingly like the laureate's later pictures. As i say, we had a jolly chat, and I don't mind adding that we wound it up with a cheerful glass together, and that we went to Cable's, for old times sake, to get it; and—that we have made a deal to go get another soon.

Surely The Sun does shine for all!

this lonely spot Lezi Storskewjel, a Lithuanian butchered his wife and child. The murder was committed nearly three months ago, but he concealed the bodies so effectually that they have not been found yet. The old house has been rent timber from timber in the fruitless search, until now its shattered framework barely holds together. The ground about is like a churchyard, with its mounds and excavations. Fences have been besten down to the searchers, and the Virginia rails used to prod and fathom the depths of nearby bogs and ponds. Human ingenuity having failed, the searchers are now invoking the aid of the unseen detectives of the spirit world. Spiritualistic mediums have flocked here, and they hold séances in the room where the murders are supposed to have been committed. The spirit consultations are held in the blackness of the night, and the spirits of the murdered are conjured to reveal the hiding place of their bodies. Spiritualism has a firm foothold in the eastern part of the State. There exists a State Spiritual. sts' Association which draws most of its mem-

THE SPOOKS BAFFLED, TOO.

SPIRIT DETECTIVES INVOKED IN A

MURDER MYSTERY.

Mediums Mired by Connecticut Officials to

Leente the Bodies of the Victims of a Crime - Spiritualistic Seances Held a Night at the Scene of the Murder,

HARTFORD, April 3,-On a hill in the extreme

northeastern corner of Connecticut stands ou

against the sky an old, unpainted farmhouse. It

is an uncanny place anyway, this dismantled

dwelling; but as the scene of a double murder

the neighbors approach it with misgivings. Is

bers from this section, and there are many ma-diums who have achieved fame locally. Belief in the supernatural is by no means confined to the uneducated. Even the officers of the law invoke the aid of mediums in ferreting out crime, and they have done so in the present

the uneducated. Even the officers of the law invoke the aid of mediums in ferreting our crime, and they have done so in the present case. The very first person, in fact, to seek aupernatural advice in the Storskewjel murder was the State's Attorney, the Hon. John P. Hunter of Willimantic, known in many a hos political fight as the "Booming Heron of Windham."

When the bodies were not found after the first few days, Mr. Hunter directed Chief of Police Hillbouse of Willimantic, who had charge of the case, to consult a professional medium of Willimantic. The medium, a woman, told the police officer that he would find the bodies in a vegetable cellar built near the house. And she so convinced him of her powers that he remarked to a friend:

"Fil find those bodies inside of three hours. See if I don't."

But he has been looking in vain ever since. Then a New York medium wrote that if a lock of the murderer's hair and a piece of a dress once worn by the murdered woman were sent him he would return directions whereby the bodies could be found. Forthwith a package was made up and sent to medium No. 2, but his directions were rather vague and led to nothing. The townspeople also became imbued with the idea that spiritualism could solve the mystery, and they put their heads together. The result was that Wright Porter, a medium of the neighboring village of Natchaug, was asked to come over and exercise his gift. Wright has the reputation of tippling chairs and moving tables without touching them with with his hands. He is also famons in the village for having, on three separate occasions, found people who were ago he is said to have predicted that the victim's body would be found rear a stump in certain clearing in Wilsonville woods. The body is alleged to have been found exactly as he had described it. Village gossip further says that he located, blindfolded, a suicide's body at the bottom of Grossverordale pond, and a lost boy on Mechanicsville plain. No wonder, then, that he not not he discovery of the bodies until the

out and the party of twenty or more joined hands in a circle around the room. Porter then went into a trance, lying on the very spot where the fatal blows are supposed to have been struck. At the séance in which he pointed out where the murdered woman's body would be found he first described different people, who were recognized by those present as being members of a family that formerly lived in the house. Then Portes excitedly exclaimed:

"There she is! there she is!"

"Where?" they said, under their breath.

"There, in a line with that pile of stones, under the ice she lies, on her side, soiled with the mud."

Porter pointed as he spoke, and at once there was a rush for lanterns and the outside air. They were glad to get out, and some were about ready to jump through the sashless windows. Sure enough! the pile of stones was found, and beyond was a cranberry bog which drains into Long Pond. The men pushed out on an improvised raft, made of old doors and blinds, and prodded the bottom of the bog with fence rails as far as they could go. At length they gave up the search for the night, agreeing to meet the next night, when, Porter announced, he would tell them where the child was. The same secus was again enacted.
"Can you see the boy?" he was asked.

as far as they could go. At length they gave up the search for the night, agreeing to meet the next night, when, Porter announced, he would tell them where the child was. The same scene was again enacted.

"Can you see the boy?" he was asked.

"Yes, Indistinctly; he is sunk in the bog some distance from his mother."

Then, all of a sudden Porter cried out:

"Seventeen. Yea." he added, "in seventeen days I'll find the bodies. The ice on the wates troubles me now."

But the bodies have not been found yet.

Another medium, Mrs. Davis of Auburn, Mass., has been in a trance at the scene of the murder several times. The last time, a few days ago, she employed a novel method by which the spiritual agency could make itself felt through her. She placed a smooth board on a harrel and held a piece of chalk in her right hand. Her experiment was conducted out of doors and several women were present with the men. Standing by the barrel, with her eye closed and lips moving, ber hand bogan to pass slowly over the board. Suddenly her arm was stended rigid in the direction of the vegetable cellar. Her checker board apparatus was moved slightly in that direction by the spectators, and again in the trance her arm came to point to the old vegetable cellar. This operation was repeated until the medium was directly at the cellar's edge, when l.er arm pointed downward.

"If they are in there," she said out loud, "give two knocks."

She brought her knuckles down twics on the board, and declared confidently that there was no longer any doubt about it; the bodies had been buried in the vegetable cellar.

Another medium named Lord declares that the bodies are hidden under an old pine tree that the wind has uprooted, several miles from the board, and declared confidently that the result is buried with its mother and lying on her bosom.

The theory has been broached, not by the mediums that Storskewjel galloped off on horseback with the bodies of his victime. Two dress after they disappeared Storskewjel killed his horse, and it is asside th



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